

East Side, West Side, All Around The Town

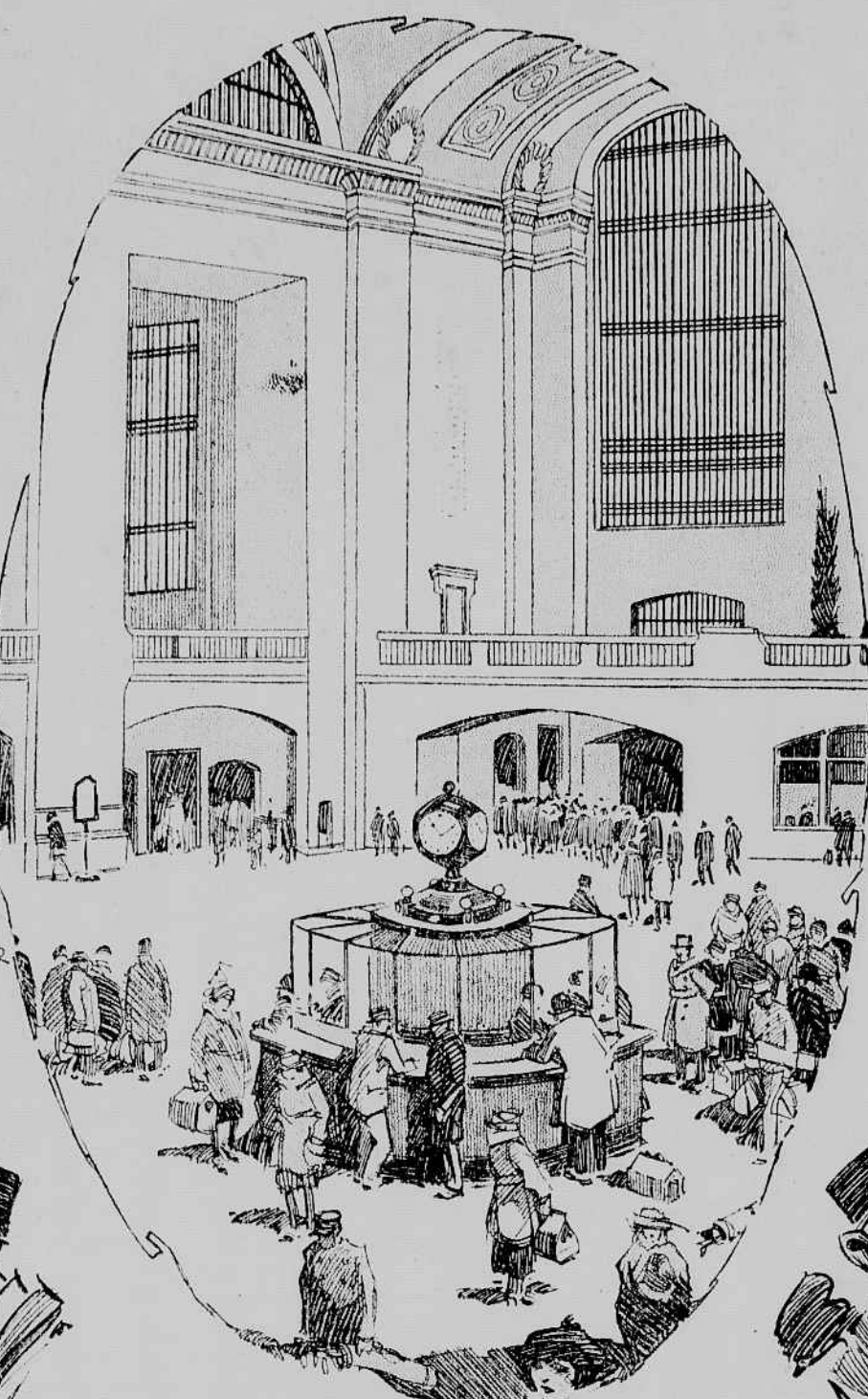
Losing and Finding One's Self Beneath New York's Biggest Umbrella, the Grand Central Station. Sketches by Jefferson Machamer



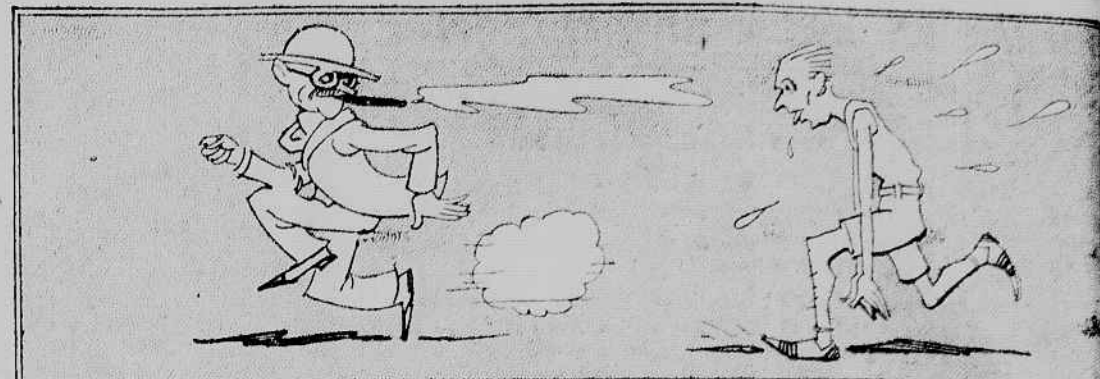
MR. COMMUTER JUST KNOWS SAINT PETER WILL SLAM THE GATE IN HIS FACE AND SAY "EXPRESS BUS LEFT"—AND TAKING A LOCAL WILL MEAN A—L—L—L!



THE FLAPPER AND HER MATE HAVE MADE THE INFORMATION-CIRCLE THE MOST POPULAR TRYST IN TOWN.



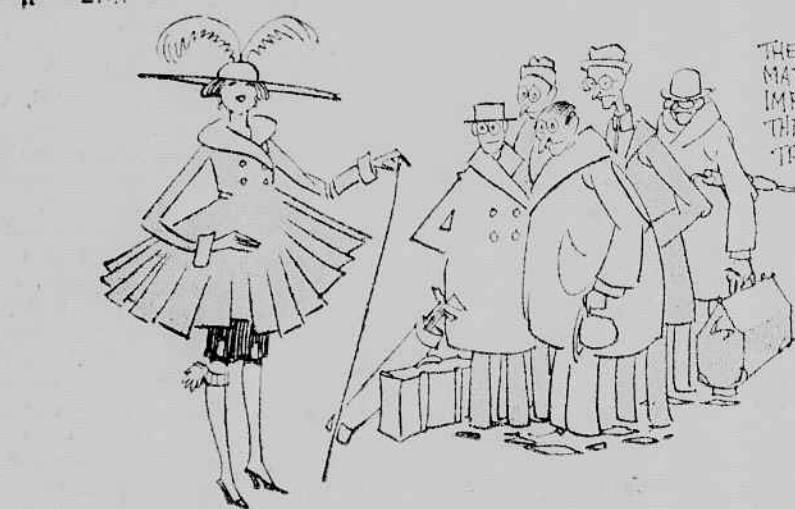
IN OUR CRAFTY WAY WE ASKED "INFORMATION" HOW MANY QUESTIONS WERE ASKED EACH DAY—"I DON'T KNOW". HE REPLIED—BUT YOURS IS THE MOST FOOLISH!



THE ONLY REASON CHARLEY PADDOCK IS THE WORLD'S FASTEST SPRINTER IS BECAUSE NO JUDGE HAS EVER HELD A STOP-WATCH ON MR. COMMUTER WHEN HE'S THREE-FIFTHS OF A SECOND LATE GETTING OFF TO HIS TRAIN.



THE SUNDAY CROWD CONSISTS CHIEFLY OF FOLKS IN GOLD SUITS AND GOLFERS—



MANIKINS FROM ENTERPRISING MODISTES ARE SEEN OCCASIONALLY PARADING MILADY'S LATEST FAD—

Old Boys Yearn for Dime Novel

Continued from page five

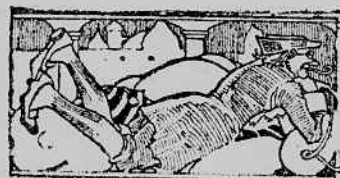
by Joseph A. Altshuler and others. The school story, which has come into such popularity in standard book form through skillful handling by Ralph Henry Barbour and others, is here found reflected in the "Work and Win" series. Thus we find such titles as "Fred Fearnot on the Gridiron, or the Opening Game of Football," "Fred Fearnot as a Backstop, or Winning a Hot Ball Game" and "Fred Fearnot's Steal to Second, or the Trick That Turned the Tide."

One finds the Horatio Alger jr. type of story being continued in this weekly "library" form. This type of story usually concerns the poor country boy who comes to Wall Street and achieves financial success against great odds. It is the crude predecessor of the "business story" which has proved so popular in shawyer and more expensive form. Then there is the Wild Western series and, of course, the detective series—forms of literature which are found on the bookstands where the \$2 fiction grows. Thus it will be seen that the dime novel is firmly rooted in certain basic ideas which rule literature in general. The public likes mystery stories, success stories, Western stories and stories of invention, and pays in proportion for what it gets. And sometimes it appears as if the dime novel reader—his favorite works are now at a standard price of seven cents, by the way—gets the most for his money. Also, he has been spared the "flapper" type of story.

Mr. Senarens long ago recognized the pulling power of the story of invention—the Jules Verne story reduced to 30,000 words and simplified in proportion. His first hero was Frank Reade, who devised a wonderful steam man—something that came as a suggestion from a steam man exhibited at the Centennial Exposition. In the '80s, when electricity came in, there were variations of the idea, carried on by a younger hero, Frank Reade jr. The dirigible balloon, the airplane, the submarine and the armored car all figured at one time or another in these stories. Mr. Senarens' stories were written under the pseudonym of "No Name." Nearly all writers of dime novels and nickel libraries adopted some such name. When Mr. Senarens took up the game the writers of thrillers were turning out their copy in longhand. Then came the typewriter, which proved a boon to the dime novel writer as to others. Mr. Senarens estimates that he has written more than 1,000 of these novels—or about 35,000,000 words.

There are calls for dime novels from all over the world. They are shipped to Europe and the Orient, to South Africa and South America. All of which indicates that no one section of this globe has a monopoly of boys who never grow up.

THERE is nothing radically wrong with the Grand Central Terminal except that people will arrange to meet each other at the information booth. That is probably the worst trysting spot in all history. It is no easy feat to meet some one at some point on a circle, especially when a hundred or so others who could think of no other place have picked that as a rendezvous. As for the men in the booth, they are very generous with timetables and can tell you the train you want leaves from the Pennsylvania station, but they somehow don't feel free to inform you whether a tall man with a mustache has been walking around there, or to take a message for Cousin Beulah that you couldn't wait any longer for her.



The case is known of a man who waited three hours at the information booth for a friend and, when that delinquent arrived pursued him around the affair ten times before he caught him. The only explanation of the late arrival was that he had been up all night playing golf with Bim Jarnes.

But the crying need of the Grand Central is some one-way traffic regulations to apply particularly to the large, nervous lady with bundles who always confronts you when you have just half a minute to make your train. You move toward your right, and she moves toward her left. You try a run around the other end, but are effectively blocked. Until

after your train has left the lady is a veritable Verdon—on ne passe pas.

For studies in the most mobile expressions that ever fitted across human features, artists and movie scouts should visit the Grand Central. There they may find the most graphic registrations of emotions or convictions such as these:

Fatalism—Man buying the last lower berth in Pullman. Woman with baby next in line.

Strategy—Man who is invited out to dinner at country club surreptitiously drinking three glasses of milk at soda fountain.

Despair—Man with minute to catch train in long line composed of women who are going to have difficulty getting at the money in their purses and putting away their change.

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

GOTHAM ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Caliph and the Sheik Outdistance in Devotion Damon Pasha and Pythias Bey

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

GREAT, oh ye emirs all, was the love of Abu Bekr for Mahomet, the prophet of Allah. Mighty and all-encompassing likewise was the devotion that welded the hearts of Sohrab and Rustum. Yet greater far, oh nobles and common folk of Islam and ye holy Hadji who wear the green turban in token of your pilgrimage, was the brotherly affection and sacrifice in the tale now to be told for your hearing.

Emirs, pashas, boys, effendi, draw near therefore and give ear to the thousand and forty-ninth tale, told by the Sultana Sharazad to her lord Shahryar, king of kings, even the tale of the good Caliph Hy-lan of the Ruddy Countenance and the love that he and Willi ibn Hearst, the Sheik ul Islam, bore the one to the other.

Mighty in the world of Islam was Willi ibn Hearst. All of the papers that had not been debauched by the interests informed the Faithful thereof twice daily and once on the Sabbath. And the good Caliph Hy-lan usually each week improved on this ratio. For by day and by night he pondered on the deeds of the Sheik ul Islam with reverence and the words of him he treasured in his bosom, such of them as he could pronounce.

And it came to pass that the people marveled at this devotion, saying: "Behold, those immortal friends of ancient lore, the Sheik David and his vizier Jonathan, Damon Pasha and Pythias Bey, Bismuth and Soda Effendi, are coupled in song by the poets, yet who is there who will sing the greater friendship for Willi ibn Hearst for Hy-lan, the Caliph, or vice versa?"

Yet though no such poet stepped out from the ranks of those who clamored for him, Hearst sang of the wisdom and great heart of Hy-lan and Hy-lan caroled of the milk of human kindness of which Hearst was container, like bul-buls in the orchards of Bagdad when the almond trees blossom.

But the time came about when words of praise through constant usage lost their edge,

wherefore the good Caliph Hy-lan spake to an assemblage of his lords: "Behold, none is so fitted to be Governor as Willi ibn Hearst, who is filled with the milk of human kindness."

And Willi ibn Hearst, speaking as was his custom through those journals that continually echoed his own praises, quoth:

"The man for Senator is Hy-lan of the Ruddy Countenance, the upright Caliph."

Now it came to pass in the fifth year of the Profit that word came from the north, even the poison wells of Al-Bany and struck terror to the land.

Scouts sent forth by the faithful to spy upon the Sultan Nathan the Curious of that realm returned on sweating barbs to report that the Sultan armed himself for war. Men had whispered to Nathan the Curious, so the report of the scouts ran, that the forces of the Caliph Hy-lan and the Sheik ul Islam and Murfee the Mullah planned to topple him from his throne and set up one to reign there in his stead.

Wherefore, or such was the tale of the scouts, the Sultan armed himself for the fray and gathered together cohorts of speeches and legions of statistics in mighty array to defend his throne.

And alarm ran through the ranks of the faithful and men sought in haste for one who might lead them to victory against the adversary. Wherefore, some cried aloud:

"Let the good Caliph Hy-lan of the Ruddy Countenance lead our host to the fray and vanquish utterly this Sultan Nathan and reign in his stead."

Yet others shouted also as those who earn their daily wage by shouting:

"Willi ibn Hearst for Sultan! Let him fare forth at the head of our array and reign in the place of the Sultan Nathan when he hath overthrown him."

Now, the good Caliph Hy-lan of the Ruddy

Countenance sat in the throne room of his palace, debating to what purpose he should devote the coming week, when messengers entered who, kissing the ground between their hands, cried:

"Ho, defender of the Faith; ho, great Caliph, the people cry for thee that thou go forth and lead them against the Sultan, and when thou hast vanquished him become Sultan in his stead."

Then murmured the good Caliph:

"Truly Allah is great and all seeing, and when I shall have overcome the Sultan, as the people desire, my cup of happiness shall be filled to overflowing if only he shall come before me some day with a bill for the further increase of his own salary."

Then to the messengers he replied: "I am for the people and against the interests. Let the people rule. I am their servant. Send me straightway my scribe that I may prepare a fitting speech of acceptance of this honor."

And even as he spake there sounded the clamor of voices in the courtyard of the palace, shouting in well trained unison:

"Hearst for Sultan! Hearst for Sultan!"

And the good Caliph harkened and quoth:

"Wazzat?"

Whereat lords of his court who stood about spake, saying:

"It is the voice of the people who cry that Willi ibn Hearst be chosen to topple the Sultan from his throne and rule in honor in his stead."

Then pondered the good Caliph, yet said no word until the scribe whom he had summoned entered. And to him he spake, saying:

"Thou canst have the day off. I have no need for thee now."

And he paced the floor in agony of soul and at length cried with a loud voice, saying:

"Who am I to lead the Faithful to battle when they cry for the Sheik ul Islam? Behold, let his be the glory."

Rage—Man who has forgotten his commutation buying a straight fare ticket.

Incredulity—Woman who has forgotten that daylight is being saved looking at railroad time clocks.

Persistence—Child who wants its papa to buy it an orange to eat on the train.

Flattery—Commuter with suitcase being asked by porter, "California train, sah?"

The fiction that New Yorkers are a hurried sort had its origin in the Grand Central Terminal. Residents of other parts arriving around commuting train time noted the rush and confusion and sprang to conclusions. Strangers fail to realize that over the head of every commuter hangs a timetable as a sword was suspended above Damocles. The catastrophe to Damocles would have been death; to the commuter who misses his train it is that other hard fate, the necessity of taking a slow local.

Planning New York of 2000 A. D.

(Continued from page four)

inct governing forces in the area under consideration, including three state governments, many counties and scores of towns and villages. It is when this region is viewed as a unit that the need for a plan becomes apparent. What use is there for the people of New York, for example, to maintain contagious disease hospitals, exercise quarantines and other preventive measures if most of the farmers who bring produce into the town dwell in communities which do not make any effort to prevent the spread of communicable diseases?

For more than a year the physical survey has been under way. Nelson P. Lewis, former chief engineer of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York City and former president of the National City Planning Conference, has been studying the density and trends of population, mapping the whole area and learning what public officials and engineers are doing, or can do, in the development of forest reserves, parks and playgrounds as well as in the development of railroad, port, harbor and transit facilities.

According to Mr. Norton, Mr. Lewis is going to endeavor, with the aid of a special group, including William Adams Delano, Jules Guerin, George D. Pratt and Sherman Fairchild to develop a new type of map for city planners, in which the painter with his mastery of arrangement and of color, will be guided by the accurate contours of the engineer and the new viewpoint of the aerial photographer.

It is the aerial photographer who has enabled the minds behind this scheme to visualize their problem with a better perspective than has ever been had before. Dreams like those that resulted in the Brooklyn Bridge and the Hudson Tubes are born as freely as an opium smoker's visions when one of these marvelous bird's-eye pictures are laid before an engineer.

Already Mr. Lewis has a scheme for a viaduct to skirt the waterfronts of Manhattan from the Battery to Riverside Drive at Second Street. His imagination has even constructed that monster elevated motor boulevard completely around Manhattan. In Mr. Lewis's eyes the Hudson is a barrier that nightly sends a flood of commuters up into Westchester County, while New Jersey regions equally close to New York as the crowd flows are but sparsely inhabited. Most of the problems being dealt with by Mr. Lewis have to do with transportation and one of these that has been worked out tentatively is a project for the diffusion of much vehicular traffic around New York instead of through it.

For the accomplishment of this additional road, links would have to be constructed, the total mileage of new roads would be surprisingly small, compared with the increase in value that would be given to existing roads.

But the problems and plans of the engineers, social, physical, legal and economic all to be directed by some man with a god-like vision who is yet to be selected bear the title of Planner for this great undertaking.